

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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THE HELPER.

BY JAMES H. WEST.

HE who the light to one dark soul shall bring
Among the sons of men is more than king.
No word thou utterest, or good or ill,
But sounds forever—wild or soft or shrill,
Fast held within the vibrant air's embrace,
If words of thine shall brighten one sad face,
Thine accents ease a brother's heavy load
The daily task reveal where truth is stowed.
Then rest content! For there shall come a year
—And soon shall come—when back into thine ear
With ten-fold power thy words or ill or good
Shall speed with force that may not be withstood.
Then happy thou if in thine ear shall ring
Words that shall crown thee, servant, helper, king.

"HONEST INJUN?"

The above question, implying the honesty of the Indian, how often we hear used!

At the same time, don't we know how hard it is at times for the Indian as well as for the white to be truly honest?

How it hurts to tell the truth if we are going to bring a laugh upon ourselves, which may be avoided by a sneaking small lie, or by deceiving in some little way without a word.

We are AFRAID sometimes to tell the truth when we know we are to be punished for it!

But there are Indian boys at the Carlisle school who would rather suffer punishment than to tell a lie.

If they do something contrary to rules and are questioned about it, they will own up like true men.

There are girls here who could not be persuaded to utter the smallest kind of a falsehood. All such, and even those who are not always trusted will admire the bravery of the little fellow in the following story taken from Appleton's Second Reader. Many have already read it.

The Story.

In a country school a large class was standing to spell.

In the lesson there was a very hard word.

The teacher put the word to the pupil at the head, and he missed it.

She passed it to the next, and the next, and so down the whole class, till it came to the last pupil, the smallest child in the class, and he spelled it right—at least so the teacher understood—and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

The teacher then turned and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled.

But no sooner was it written than the little boy cried out:

"Oh, I didn't spell it so, Miss Wade; I said e instead of i."

And he went back to the foot, of his own accord, more quickly than he had gone to the head.

Here was an honest boy.

It would have always been thought that he had spelled the word correctly if he had not told the truth.

He was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

NOT A STRING.

Scene: Bathroom in the Small Boys' Quarters. Small Indian boy with poker is playing with what looked like a string in the bath-tub.

Enter Temporary Matron:

"What have you there and what are you doing?"

We did not catch whether or not "dear" was at the end of the question.

The boy had no occasion to explain by words, for holding a squirming, writhing tongue-projecting snake aloft, on the end of his poker, the act was self-explanatory.

It was a reptile of larger proportions than a garter snake and about two feet in length. The boy had brought it from the woods and was amusing himself by watching it swim in the bath-tub.

It is needless to say that boy, snake, poker and all, as quickly as was seemly for large bodies to move, were hustled out the first window at hand, and the angry serpent kindly if hastily dispatched to where all good snakes go.

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School
Carlisle, Pa.
BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by the Man-on-the-band-stand who is NOT an Indian.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office for if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

At the Genoa Nebraska School they raise their own watermelons.

Nellie Barada, ex-pupil of Carlisle, who has been employed in the Indian service at Pottawottamie, and at the Winnebago agency since she left here, has now been transferred to Colony, Oklahoma, as cook.

Joseph Luna, who came this summer from the Perris, California, school, shows his interest by joining the helpers who are helping to enlarge the circulation of the Indian Helper. He brought in 14 names sent by Mr. J. J. Wickham, who says that the Perris school has just opened with an attendance of nearly 200 pupils. Drill has begun, and the band are all present. He wishes to be remembered to all the Perris boys.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Ella Patterson, for several years connected with Carlisle, but for the past few years engaged in various parts of the west in the Indian educational work is again back to her old position as Superintendent, having been transferred from Grand Junction, Colo., this fall, to Ft. Apache Indian School, Arizona. There are great possibilities at Ft. Apache, and she hopes soon to have new buildings and enlarged facilities for schooling the children of the reservation. The location is a pretty one, she says. She finds Laban Locojim the interpreter and Lambert Istone assistant at the school.

Rev. Dr. Wile took for his text Sunday afternoon, "And the land rested from war," drawing from it among other lessons that of the constant warfare in our lives. We recognize what it means to overcome evil. It takes our best powers to conquer sin. It was Dr. Wile's privilege to witness recently the wonderful manifestation of deference and honor shown by the people of New York to their 71st regiment. He saw that remnant of a band of brave men who had been in the thickest of the fight down in Cuba, as they marched triumphantly amid cheers and exultations of a throng wild with sympathy and pride, and his description of the scene was thrilling and impressive.

The cool wave is still on.

"I think it is a very interesting little paper, and especially so because it gives those who know nothing about the school some insight of Carlisle school life," says A. B. J. of Hadonfield.

Mr. E. W. Brown, formerly "Our Elijah," has become one of Haskell's staunch standbys. He has evidently forgotten his first love, Chemawa, and his second love, Carlisle, for he is earnestly trying to rob us of our best students and athletes for Haskell's sake.—[The Chemawa American.

Names are still coming in, but as we have said before no individual has a very long list such as we have had heretofore, and the winner of the ten dollar prize is going to surprise him or herself. It is not in accordance with our custom to tell who is ahead, but on Saturday, the first of October, we will announce the name of the winner to those desiring to know, and in the first HELPER printed in October we will give full results. Our students have taken great interest in the contest, and have enjoyed working for their little friend the HELPER, for which the Man-on-the-band-stand is indeed very grateful.

An interesting letter from Joseph Dubray, a Carlisle Indian boy who joined the 6th Massachusetts regiment, comes from Porto Rico, this week. He has had many hard experiences since he left for the war, but has come out thus far unscathed, and is ready, to return. He says: "I thought it was my duty to enlist as a soldier of the United States and fight for my country as a good citizen of it." They camped at Camp Alger first, and then on July 5th sailed for Cuba. He saw the last firing of the gun-boats off Morro Castle, and rejoiced with the others on his ship at the surrender of Santiago. They arrived in Porto Rico on July 25th, where he had duty to perform which carried him between the lines and where bullets were flying thick and fast. He has tried to be a faithful soldier, but now feels ready to come back.

Mr. David George, of Cattaraugus, N. Y., arrived this week with seven children from his tribe, five from the Tonawanda reservation and one from the Alleghany. Mr. George is a type of educated Indian who lives temperately and is a man among men. The six nations have a strong temperance organization, and Mr. George says that Timothy Henry, '96, is an officer of the league. This is Mr. George's first visit. He says that each day he gets better acquainted, and he almost wishes that he was a boy again so that he could stay here altogether.

When Mr. George, spoke before the student body at table the other day he said he was glad that the children before him had the chance to get an education. He was both surprised and pleased with the shops and other departments he had visited. This was the finest harness-shop he had ever seen. He urged the boys to keep on and profit by what they learned, and that when they got back to their homes (if they went back) not to be lazy. He appreciates the school and hopes that the boys and girls of the Carlisle Indian school will use there opportunities to the best advantage.

Study-hour has begun.

Almost a frost this week.

Croquet is somewhat on the wane.

Choir practice has regularly begun.

Miss Senseney has a fine new piano.

Steam this week for the first this fall.

104 boys arrived to-day from their farm homes.

Ninety-one girls came in from the country yesterday.

Disciplinarian Thompson is down with a heavy cold.

If you want fresh news from Porto Rico, ask Miss Senseney.

The broom brigade is making a "sweeping" success on the parade.

Football practice brings a few visitors to the athletic field these evenings.

Mitchell Barada, '98, has gone to Haskell to take the Commercial course.

Mabel Buck writes that she enjoys her work very much in Oklahoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt of Steelton were here for a few hours on Wednesday.

Mr. Hall, with aids, is marking off the grounds for a regular game of football.

Miss Richenda Pratt again favored the service on Sunday afternoon with a solo.

Miss Weist, of Newville, at one time one of us, was a guest of Miss Cochran Saturday.

Supervisor of Indian Schools, A. O. Wright, recently appointed, is with us for a few days.

Paul Teenabikezen has returned from Oklahoma, where he went on a visit to his friends.

The athletic field is thirsty, although the small bit of a rain yesterday helped the grass a little.

Juanada Parker has returned from Oklahoma, bringing with her two new pupils for the school.

Mr. Jack Standing started to school yesterday with the other college boys. He is now a Junior Prep.

Mr. Kensler was detailed to Philadelphia on Thursday to assist the farm boys with their baggage, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stoner, of Union Bridge, Md., were among the interested visitors of Tuesday.

The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, W. A. Jones, made a flying trip to the school on Monday.

Miss Shaffner went to Philadelphia on Wednesday to general her Amazons through the City of Brotherly love.

We hear that James Flannery, class '94, is lying at the point of death, in the Methodist hospital in Philadelphia.

14 more days in which to work up a subscription list or to lengthen the list already started. Hurry it along!

"Kick it over here, wunst." What language is that? The Man-on-the-band-stand thought you came to Carlisle to learn English.

Miss Nana Pratt has returned from the seashore where she has spent a month. She brought with her the regulation coat of tan.

Cabinet Maker, Mr. Rupp, of Carlisle, is out for a few days doing over some antique furniture lately purchased for private use.

Superintendent Harris of the Blacksmithshop is sure that women can beat men at one thing, and that is in dismounting from a bicycle.

Miss Ella Sturm, a Caddoe, and graduate of Chilocco in '97, arrived on Monday to take a course with us. She is a friend of Minnie Finley.

Our first football game of the season will be played Saturday, Sept. 24, between the Bloomsburg team and the Indians on our athletic field.

Major Pratt and family have moved into their renovated house, from the rooms occupied during the summer in the teachers' quarters.

Supt. C. C. Kramer, who is about to start a trade school in New Liberia, La., visited the school on Saturday, his main object being to get points on management and methods.

On Monday evening, the band played better than we expected it could owing to its disorganized state and the little practice they have been able to give themselves for several months.

Proof-reader, Mr. Low, of the New York Sun, and gentleman friend, Mr. T. A. Rossiter, foreman of the same great office visited our school this week and was specially interested in the printing department.

Miss Helen Parker, of Washington, D. C., who is visiting her aunt, Miss Rebecca Henderson, across the way, was among the visitors on Tuesday. The Misses McKnight of Pittsburg were with them.

We are grieved to record the death of Lillie Treat at her home in Oklahoma. Rev. D. A. Sanford, who had baptized her and who also brought her to Carlisle with others two years ago, was able to officiate at her funeral.

If all who speak in Assembly Hall would imitate Dr. Wile in his clearness of enunciation there would be no trouble about hearing in the back part of the room. Some who think they speak loudly enough cannot be heard at all.

The Dickinsonians have started on their fall course. Thomas Marshall is a Junior, Frank Cayou, a Freshman; Edward Rogers is still in the preparatory department; Caleb Sickles, '98, enters prepdom this year.

Myron Moses, who was among the boys this summer at the shore and has since been home to New York for a fortnight, returned to the school yesterday morning, bringing with him a number of subscriptions for the HELPER. He is looking remarkably well.

Mr Kemp, Superintendent of the harness department, has returned from his Chicago outing, looking the better for a change. He says he very much enjoyed his stay of a fortnight in the metropolis of the West. While there he accidentally ran upon Daniel Morrison, John Denomie and William Beatty, who with thirty other Indians had come down from the Chippewa country to help the Chicagoans celebrate Labor Day, and to show them how to play La Crosse.

BOO!

"Yes, the weather has turned real chilly," said Master Goodlungs.

"Put on a coat?" asked Master Thinblood.

"Certainly! This is the morning for a coat," replied Goodlungs; "and the fellow who has any sense at all will button his coat up to his chin, as that boy over there has his buttoned. See!"

"Oh! What's the use of that if you have a vest on?"

"That is another thing! Most of us have no vests, and we haven't put on our winter flannels yet, so there is only the thin shirt front between our chests and the weather if we do not button up our coats."

"Pshaw! You make yourself too tender."

"There may be more smartness in that kind of argument than there is common sense."

"Well, why?" asked Thinblood.

"Because we have heard always, and it stands to reason that our chests need as much covering as any other part of the body. In the chest are our heart and lungs, and didn't our teacher tell us that these vital organs must be kept warm if we wish them to do good work for us?"

"Not half the boys button up their coats when out of ranks."

"I know it! I see!" replied Goodlungs.

"On a warm day when it would be well to let their coats fly open, they as likely as not, have them buttoned up tightly, then on a cold, raw morning like this, they are too indifferent to button them up, and wonder how it is that they catch cold."

"There are lots of Indians on the plains who never saw a coat," said Thinblood. "They go half-naked in the dead of winter, and it does not seem to hurt them."

"It would be better to dress as the Hottentots do, than to wear warm garments on the arms, legs, back, and shoulders, while the chest is allowed to catch all the raw cold air. Exposed chests, when other parts of the body are warm; feet damp, in damp leather shoes; damp clothing from lying on the damp ground, and a few such little things which might have been avoided have caused the death of many an Indian school boy and girl. They might now be living and be strong, healthy and happy had they used a little care and common sense."

"Guess I'll button up," said Thinblood as he walked off to quarters.

Life is given to enjoy, not to drag out in complaint.

LIQUOR TRAFIC ON THE RESERVATION.

It is really disgraceful, the number of people, white and Indian, who are taken to Omaha each week from the Omaha and Winnebago reservations, for selling or giving whiskey to Indians. Hardly a day but what three or four are reported by the daily papers of that city of being brought in by the United States marshal. Numbers are convicted, but the sentences are so slight that as soon as served the offender immediately goes back and inside of two weeks will be taken back to Omaha with the same charge standing against him.

Whisky is doing more toward keeping the Indians of these two reservations in a state worse than savagery than can be counteracted by the work of all connected with the Indian service in the United States.

It is a pity but its true, that the Indians are influenced by the low-down white trash, almost to the exclusion of the influence of the better class of white people. The Indian News does not pretend to know how to prevent this, but simply wishes to call attention to the matter.—[The Genoa Indian News, Nebraska.]

WHO FOR?

At a telephone exchange a call came from a residence to a feed store.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"What is it?"

"Mamma says send up a sack of oats and a bale of hay," answered a child's voice.

"Who is it for?" asked the feed man.

"Why for the cow of course."

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 11, 5, 9, 4 is what many boys and young men do during the hot weather.

My 8, 13, 7, 2 is a town in Pennsylvania which has the same name as what people ought to take every day.

My 1, 9, 14, 3 is the way many animals are.

My 12, 13, 7, 15 is something found at nearly every house.

My 1, 6, 7 is what a small child is called.

My 10, 9, 14, 3 is the way many horses walk when they step on a nail.

My whole is what the Carlisle Indians will be specially interested in, this year.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Enigmas